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DEATH BY TOMBSTONE

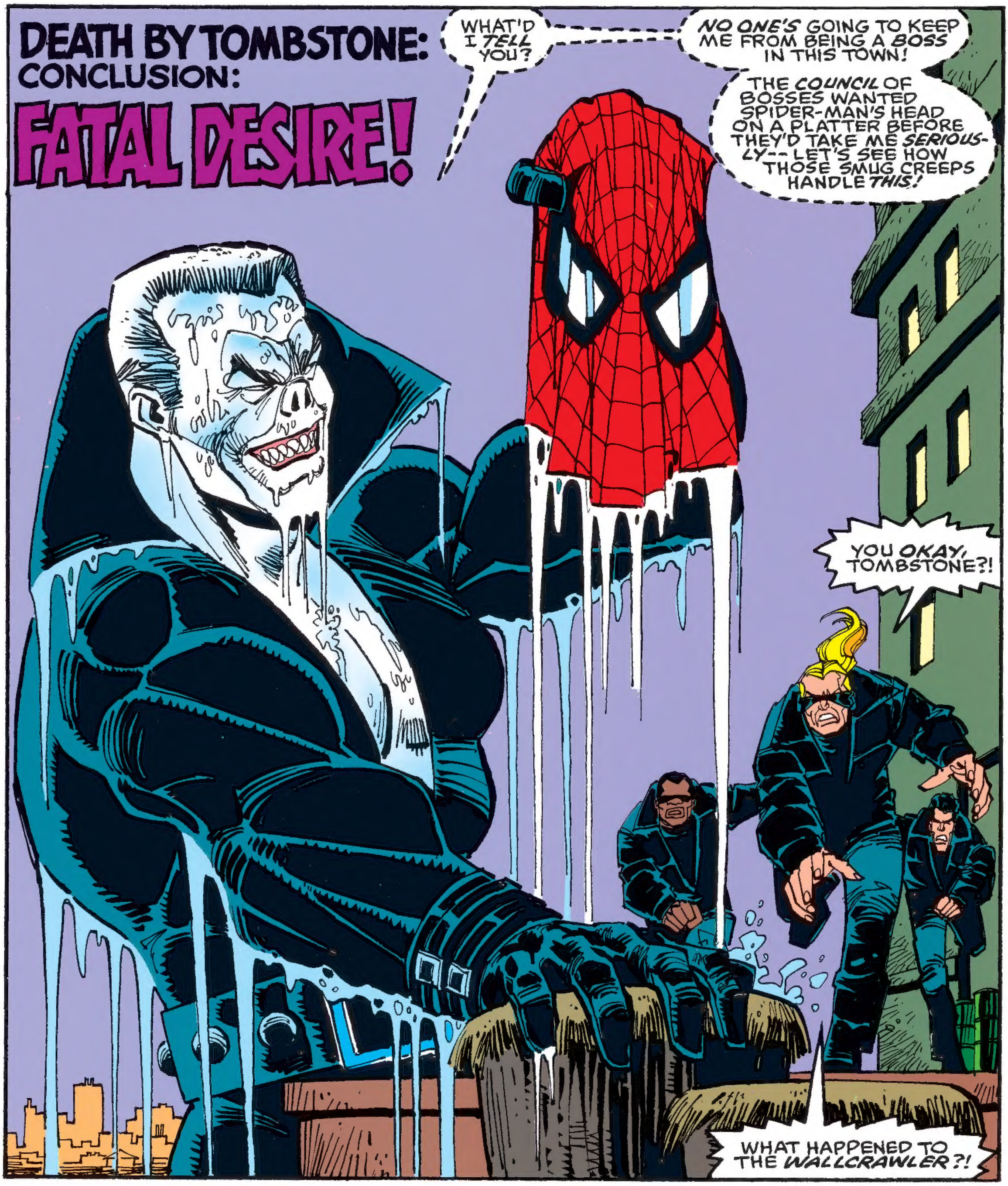
THE CONCLUSION!

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™

BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER, STUDENT PETER PARKER GAINED THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF AN ARACHNID! ARMED WITH HIS WONDROUS WEB-SHOOTERS, THE RELUCTANT SUPER HERO STRUGGLES WITH SINISTER SUPER-VILLAINS, MAKING ENDS MEET, AND MAINTAINING SOME SEMBLANCE OF A NORMAL LIFE!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: # THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN

DEATH BY TOMBSTONE: CONCLUSION: FATAL DESIRE!


WHAT'D I *TELL* YOU?
NO ONE'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM BEING A *BOSS* IN THIS TOWN!
THE *COUNCIL* OF BOSSES WANTED SPIDER-MAN'S HEAD ON A PLATTER BEFORE THEY'D TAKE ME *SERIOUSLY*-- LET'S SEE HOW THOSE SMUG CREEPS HANDLE *THIS!*
YOU *OKAY*, TOMBSTONE?!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *WALLCRAWLER*?!

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WHAT D'YOU *THINK* HAPPENED TO HIM? I *HIT* HIM.

ABOUT TOOK HIS *HEAD* CLEAN OFF.

TOO DARK DOWN THERE TO SEE MUCH, EXCEPT HIM SINKING LIKE A STONE.

FORGET HIM. HE'S NOT COMING *BACK*.

THE CITY'S **MINE** NOW.

LIAR!

I SAY YOU'RE A LYING, BULLYING *PUNK*, TOMBSTONE!

SPIDER'S THE STRONGEST, *TOUGHEST* MAN I EVER MET!

AND YOU COULDN'T BEAT HIM ON YOUR *BEST* DAY!

BABY, THIS *WAS* MY BEST DAY-- AND I **BEAT** HIM.

YOU WANT TO TALK *TOUGH*? *STRONG*?

THE *STANDARDS* JUST GOT *RAISED*, YOU MOUTHY--

I GOT HER, BOSS!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

THANKS FOR THE WARNING!

HOLD STILL!

WHAT'S THAT? I CAN'T QUITE HEAR YOU.

I'LL BE BACK, TOMBSTONE! YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY BOY-FRIEND!

AND DON'T GO THINK-ING YOU'RE SMART, BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT YOU'LL NEVER KNOW--

--WHAT HIT YOU!

DID SHE THREATEN ME?!

HAHAHA HAHA

WHAT ABOUT SPIDER-MAN'S CORPSE ?

IF THE COUNCIL WANTS THE BODY, LET THEM GO SWIMMING IN THE EAST RIVER.

YOU'RE OKAY, SANDOZ.

WHEN I RUN THIS BURG, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE MAYOR?

WHAT AM I *DOING*?! SPIDER WOULD HAVE *SURFACED* IF HE *WEREN'T* DEAD!

SHOULD'VE INHALED *MORE* AND TALKED *LESS*...

...THEY'RE PROBABLY WAITING TO GUN ME *DOWN* AS SOON AS I GO UP FOR *AIR*...

I DON'T *WANT* TO DIE LIKE *THIS*--NOT *HERE*-- NOT LIKE *SPIDER*--

WHO THE--?!

ARRRRRR!

TOOK YOU--

--LONG *ENOUGH*--

WHAT DO YOU *WANT*? THE GUY'S GOT A GRIP LIKE A *TOURNIQUET*... HAD ME BY THE *FACE*, CUT OFF HALF THE BLOOD TO MY *BRAIN*...

...HE GOT IN A GOOD, SOLID *PUNCH* ...IT GOT *DARK*. I FELT LIKE I WAS *FLOATING*...

YEAH, YEAH. I'M NOT *INTERESTED.*

DON'T THINK I'VE *FORGIVEN* YOU! BUT I DON'T WANT YOU *DEAD*, EITHER!

TOMBSTONE I WANT DEAD, OR *BROKEN.*

HOLD IT A SEC--

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

YOU DON'T *NEED* THESE.

ANYONE WHO CAN READ A *NEWSPAPER* KNOWS *THE BLACK CAT* IS *FELICIA HARDY*, BUT I STILL HAVE A *SECRET IDENTITY* TO PROTECT.

I'D LIKE TO GET *HOME* WITH IT *INTACT.*

FLASH THOMPSON DOESN'T KNOW!

MAYBE FLASH ONLY READS THE SPORTS.

AND *YOU* DON'T HAVE WHAT IT *TAKES* TO GO AGAINST TOMBSTONE BY YOURSELF!

GO SEE TO *FLASH*, FELICIA. HE NEEDS YOU NOW MORE THAN EVER--

--BUT STAY AWAY FROM *TOMB-STONE!*

SURE, SPIDER. *SURE.*

WHATEVER YOU *SAY...*

SOON...

HOLLYWOOD, SAMMY? YOU'RE *KIDDING!* WHEN?

A *WEEK?!*

NO... NO, THAT'S JUST *GREAT...*

MMMM? *PETER?* UHH... YEAH, HE COULD BE A *PROBLEM.* LOOK, *I* CAN HANDLE--

HERE HE COMES *NOW.* MAKE THE *ARRANGE-MENTS,* SAMMY-- I'LL CALL YOU *BACK.*

TELL ME YOU'RE NOT DRESSING IN FELICIA'S COSTUMES *TOO,* TIGER.

WHAT, *THIS* OLD THING?

HEY, IT WAS AN *EMERGENCY.* I CAME BY FOR MY SPARE MASK.

NEVER MIND. YOU KNOW HOW YOU SAID YOU'LL BE *HAPPY* TO BE OUT OF HERE?

SURE... LOT OF BAD *MEMORIES* HERE NOW...

KNOW WHAT I'D *LOVE?* AN UPPER EAST SIDE *BROWN-STONE,* FOUR FLOORS...

...IT'S TIME WE THOUGHT ABOUT *OWNING,* TOO...

YEAH, RIGHT. WE CAN'T EVEN AFFORD TO *RENT* IN THIS TOWN...

ONE OF SAMMY'S *OTHER* CLIENTS IS MOVING TO THE COAST FOR A SERIES. SHE HAS TO DUMP HER PLACE IN A *HURRY.*

IT'S ALL *SET UP.* LEASE TO OWN.

WE CAN MOVE IN ON *WEDNESDAY.*

UH-UH. IT'LL COST TOO MUCH.

PETER, IT'S A STEAL!

YOU'RE A WELL-PAID PHOTOGRA-PHER, I'M A SOAP STAR--

--WE'VE GOT THE MONEY!

I'VE GOT TO BE IN THE VILLAGE, CLOSE TO MY STUDIES.

YOUR--?!

YOU SWING EVERY-WHERE!

I'M THE ONE WHO TAKES TAXIS AND BUSES AND SUBWAYS!

I'M TIRED OF LIVING LIKE A STUDENT! I WANT TO BE NEAR MY WORK, FOR A CHANGE!

IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?

SURE WE CAN AFFORD IT?

YOU BET.

OKAY. LET'S DO IT.

YOU'RE A SOFT TOUCH, MR. PARKER.

ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT TO DO?

YOU BET.

FELICIA WILL BE USING HER UNDERWORLD CONNECTIONS TO FIND TOMBSTONE--FAST. FASTER THAN I COULD.

I SLIPPED A TRACER ON HER SO I CAN FIND HER BEFORE SHE GETS HERSELF KILLED.

HEY, IT'S HER LIFE, TIGER.

I COULDN'T LET HER GO AFTER HIM ALONE. NOT AFTER...

NO MORE OF MY FRIENDS ARE GOING TO BE HURT.

PETER...

GENTLEMEN...

LIKE YOU ASKED, I KILLED SPIDER-MAN--

--AND I CLAIM MY *PLACE* ON THE *COUNCIL!*

YOU *WHAT?!*

WE'RE THE MOST POWERFUL MEN ON THE *EAST COAST!* YOU DON'T DICTATE TO *US!*

YOU DON'T KNOW FROM *RESPECT*-- YOU THINK YOU CAN CON US WITH SOME *RAG* YOUR GIRLFRIEND SEWED TOGETHER?

A SEAT ON THE *COUNCIL?!* *FORGET* IT!

KASKA...

...YOU *INSULT* ME, I LET IT *GO*. YOU TELL ME TO *PROVE* MYSELF, I *DO* IT.

PAL, YOU JUST HIT THE *WALL!* *NOBODY* JERKS *TOMB-STONE* AROUND!

DON'T TALK TO *ME* ABOUT POWER!

WHAM!

KILL HIM!

RESPECT? I ALMOST CHOKED ON MY TONGUE SHOWING YOU RESPECT!

BLAM!

I'M DONE WITH THAT NOW, YOU LYING FEEBS!

HE CAN'T BE STOPPED!

BELIEVE IT, KASKA!

POWER? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

ALL YOU'VE GOT IS MONEY!

BUY YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS!

KRISH!

NO! HE'S MOVING TOO QUICKLY! IT'S TOO SUDDEN!

I CAN'T REACH HIM!

YOU BUNGEE JUMPERS!

DIDN'T YOU READ THAT PART THAT SAYS YOU SHOULDN'T TRY THIS AT HOME?

HOW DID YOU *FIND* ME?

YOU *FOLLOWED* ME!

UHHH...TRADE *SECRET*?

MAN! I'VE GOT TO START *PATENTING* THOSE TRADE SECRETS!

JUST STAY OUT OF MY *WAY* WHEN I TAKE TOMBSTONE *DOWN!*

ALL THIS *REVENGE* TALK GIVES ME A *HEADACHE*...

SO TAKE TWO *WEBLINES* AND THANK ME IN THE *MORNING!*

SPIDER!

I *SWEAR* I'LL CLAW THE SKIN RIGHT *OFF* YOU!

YOW! REMIND ME TO WEB UP YOUR *MOUTH* NEXT TIME--

--RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT A *PARTY* TO CRASH!

NO!

IT CAN'T BE!

IT COULD BE, Y'KNOW.

LET'S SEE... SPIDER-STRENGTH, CHECK.

AMAZING AGILITY, CHECK.

SPIDER-SPEED, CHECK!

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW? IT IS!

I'D SWEAR I FORGOT SOMETHING...

IT'S YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR-HOOD SPIDER-MAN!

OH, YEAH--

I'LL BREAK YOU!

--MY SUPER-FAST REFLEXES!

OUTSIDE...

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE *DID* THAT!

IF I CAN *JUST*--

JUST--!

YES!

SO I'M *NOT* SUPER-STRONG-- I DON'T *HAVE* SUPER-SENSES--

--BUT IF IT CAN *BE* CUT, MY CLAWS WILL *CUT* IT--

--*NO* ONE DISMISSES *ME* AND GETS *AWAY* WITH IT!

NOT *TOMBSTONE*-- NOT *SPIDER*--

GET *OUT!*

WAY *THEY'RE* GOING AT IT, THEY'LL *DESTROY* EACH OTHER--

--AND TAKE THE WHOLE *PLACE* WITH THEM!

--AND ANYONE WHO CROSSES *MY* PATH--

--WILL GET ALL THE *BAD LUCK* THEY CAN *HANDLE!*

MOW HIM DOWN!
HE'S TOO FAST!
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME OVER THE GUNFIRE...
EVERYONE HEARD YOU, CREEP, YOU GOT A BIG MOUTH.
BUT YOU GOT YOUR LIMITS, TOO.
WUFFFF!
EVEN WITH YOUR TRICKS, YOU CAN'T PAY ATTENTION TO EVERYTHING.
SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO DIE?
SURPRISE ME. I'M FLEXIBLE.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT LIMITS, THOUGH... I'VE GOT A CURFEW...
...SO IF YOU DON'T MIND--
--I'D LIKE TO WRAP THIS UP--
WHAM!

EEEEE-YOW!

HA! DIDN'T EXPECT *THAT*, DID YOU?

YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE *REST* OF THEM.

YOU THINK I'M THE *SAME* OLD TOMBSTONE.

WELL, I'M *NOT*.

I'M BIGGER-- *STRONGER! FASTER!*

MY SKIN'S SO TOUGH *NOTHING* HURTS ME!

EVEN A FALL LIKE *THIS* I'LL SURVIVE.

CAN'T *WAIT* TO SEE WHAT IT'LL DO TO *YOU*, CREEP.

DEPENDS WHAT I *LAND* ON, *DOESN'T* IT?

AND WHEN WE'RE IN *PUBLIC*, HOW ABOUT CALLING ME *MR.* CREEP?

WHAT?!

WHAT ARE *YOU*--

WHOOM!

FELT THAT, DIDN'T YOU?

IT'S BETTER THIS WAY.

NOW EVERYONE'LL SEE ME BREAK YOU.

IT'S...NOT POSSIBLE...

CAN... BARELY MOVE... AND HE...

WHAM!

START WITH YOUR TEETH.

DO A NUMBER ON YOUR RIBS.

KRAK!

YOU'RE OVER. INSECT.

HEY!
CHICKEN?
CHICKEN-MAN?
NAH. IT'S BEEN *DONE.*
THAT'S IT. KEEP TALKING.
CAN'T LET HIM KNOW...
...WHAT THAT FALL TOOK *OUT* OF ME...
IF HE'D LANDED *ON* ME...
ONE *CHANCE*...
PUT *EVERYTHING* INTO ONE *PUNCH*...
DO I HAVE TO *BRING* YOU DOWN?
YEAH, YEAH...
KEEP YOUR *SHIRT* ON!
NEXT TIME TRY A *MASK*, TOO!
YOU *WEAK* LITTLE--
WOW!

THAT YOUR BEST SHOT? INSECT?

GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD--NEXT TO ME, YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER WEAKLING.

LOOK WHO'S TALKING...

HEH. YOU'RE A CARD.

TOO LATE ANY-WAY.

NOW THE HEAD COMES--

--OFF?

WHO'S PLAYING WITH THE LIGHTS?

GOT IT?

I CAN'T HEAR YOU--

FWOM!

...TOOK AWHILE FOR THE SIGNAL TO REACH HIS BRAIN.

WHADDAYA KNOW? LIKE A DINOSAUR...

SO MUCH FOR THE WARM-UP...

ANY VOLUNTEERS FOR THE AEROBICS PORTION OF OUR EXERCISES?

UM... AH... NO, SIR...

EASY... EASY NOW...

...TOOK US LONG ENOUGH TO GET HIM *ONTO* THAT STEEL CART. LET'S NOT KNOCK HIM *OFF* AGAIN.

IF HE'S THIS HARD TO *MOVE*, HOW WILL THEY *HOLD* HIM?

FORTUNATELY, THAT'S NOT *OUR* PROBLEM...

...UNLESS ANY OF *YOU* HAVE SUGGESTIONS?

NO, SIR...

WELL, *HE'LL* BE OFF THE STREETS AWHILE.

I GUESS THAT'S A *PAYBACK* FOR WHAT HE DID TO *FLASH*.

OH, YOU *DO*, DO YOU?

AS LONG AS *YOU* THINK SO...

HOW COULD YOU *DO* THAT TO ME?!

WHAT?! I SAVED YOUR *LIFE*!

YOU *USED* ME!

MORE THAN THAT, YOU SPAT ON EVERYTHING I *TOLD* YOU WAS *IMPORTANT* TO ME!

WAIT A SECOND--

I *KNOW* YOU'RE HURTING AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO *HARRY*, AND THEN FLASH ON TOP OF THAT--BUT IT DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO TREAT ME LIKE *DIRT*, EVEN IF THAT WASN'T YOUR *INTENT*.

YOU HAVE FRIENDS, SPIDER. DON'T PUSH THEM AWAY...

...OR SOMEDAY WHEN YOU *NEED* THEM, YOU'LL FIND OUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY FRIENDS AT *ALL*...

NEXT: THE SHROUD

J. JONAH JAMESON IN TAPS
PART II: DESPAIR

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MIDNIGHT AT THE EDGE OF NEVER.

A LONE, LOST SOUL, AIMLESS ON THE DARK SIDE OF TOWN...

...DARK WITH BLOOD AND VIOLENCE, AND WITHERED DREAMS.

WITH DARK THOUGHTS.

DARK WORDS.

HEY, OLD MAN--

DARK DEEDS.

WHAT'LL WE SEE-- WHAT'S IN YOUR POCKETS OR YOUR THROAT?!

NO ONE HAS TO GET *HURT* HERE--

OH, *YEAH.*

CAN'T HAVE YOU CALLING THE *COPS*...

LISTEN TO ME, YOU PUTRID LITTLE MAGGOT!

FORGET THE COPS! YOU *WANT* MY WALLET, *TAKE* IT!

WHADDAYA *THINK* I'M DOING, POPS?

JEEZ, DON'T YOU KEEP ANY *MONEY* IN HERE?!

TAKE MY *WATCH.* IT'S WORTH *SOMETHING.*

BUT IT'S NOT *FREE*--! I'VE GOT *QUESTIONS*--!

MARGARITA RULES

STEVE STELLA

MATT ERIN

OKAY, POPS... *AMUSE* ME...

DO YOU *READ*?

ARE YOU *TRYIN'* TO CHEESE ME OFF?!

DO YOU READ *THE DAILY BUGLE*?!

THE--?

THAT WASTE OF TREES?

YOU SAYIN' I'M BRAIN DEAD?! YOU WANT TO DIE?!

MAN, I WOULDN'T EVEN WIPE THE BLOOD OFF MY KNIFE WITH THAT SHEET!

YOU--

YOU--

PUNK!

KRAK!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT NEWSPAPERS?!

WHEN DID YOU EVER RISK YOUR LIFE FOR A STORY?!

IT'S NOT TRUE.

IT CAN'T BE TRUE.

BUT IT'S NOT JUST HIS KIND THAT SAYS IT...

DEAR LORD, HAVE I BEEN SO BLIND--?!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

CLOSING TIME, SPORT. LET'S TAKE IT HOME.

MMPH?

I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH.

YOU'RE RIGHT, DRINK'S NO ANSWER. CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?

UM... IT'S OKAY... I GUESS...

YEAH, LIKE YOU'RE AN EXPERT.

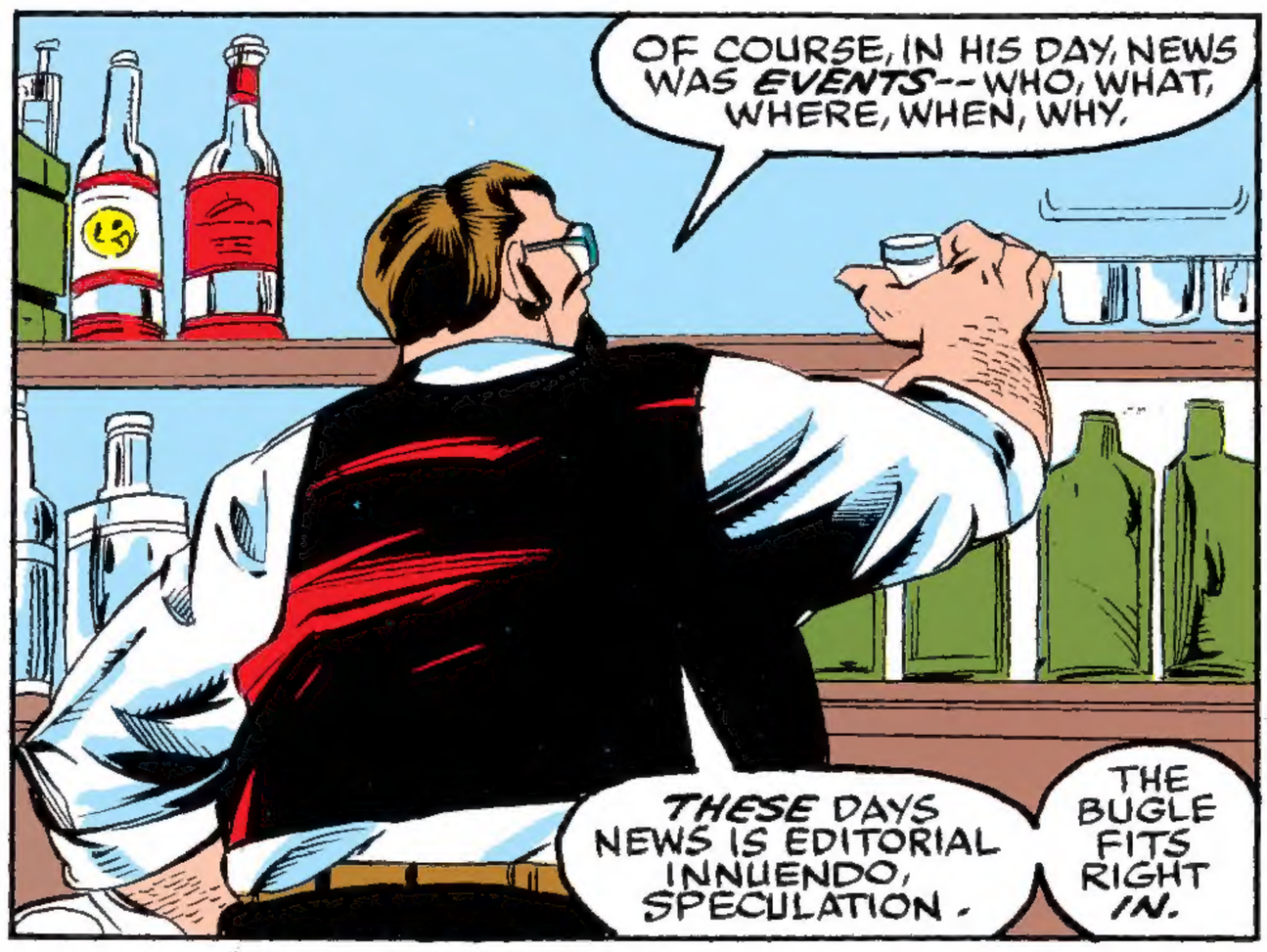
FOUR YEARS OF JOURNALISM SCHOOL, SYRACUSE.

I DON'T HAVE AN OPINION--

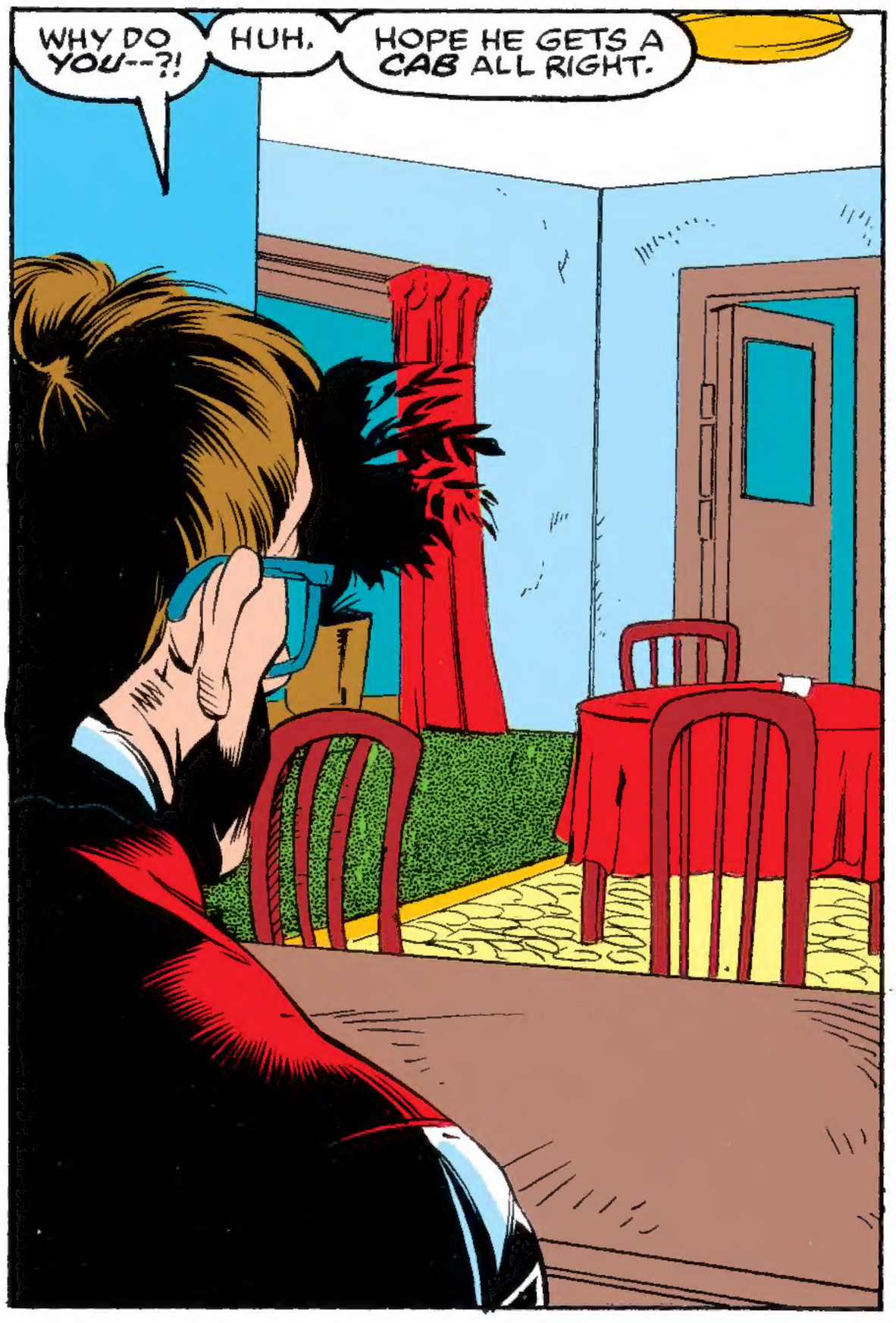
LOOK, IT'S CLOSING TIME...

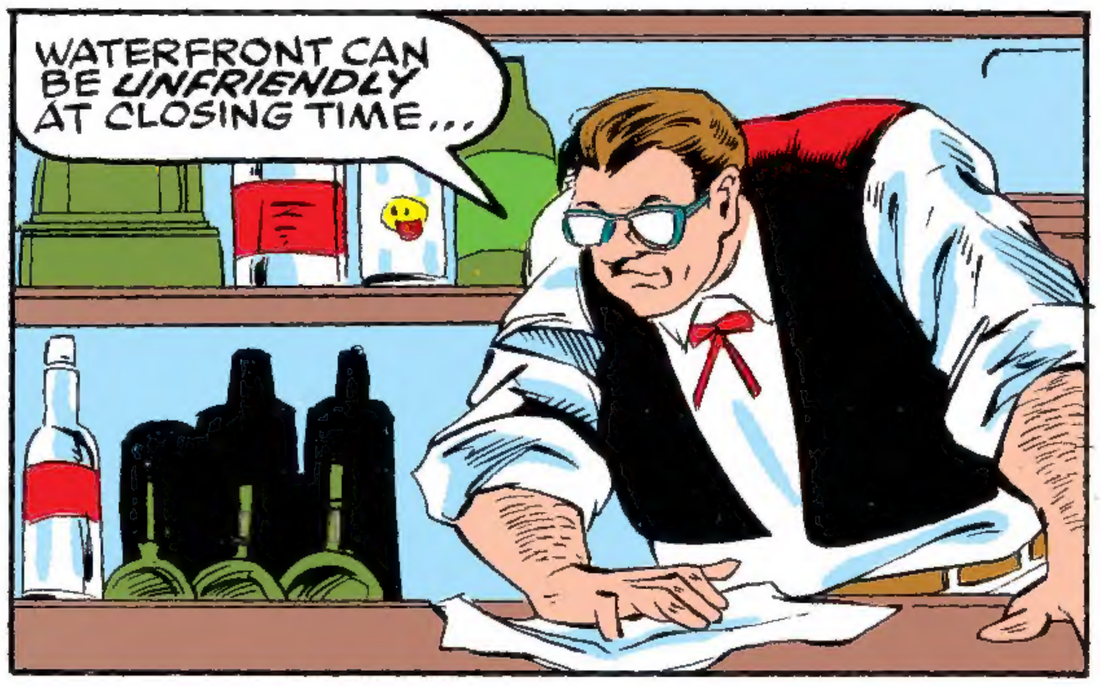
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE BUGLE?

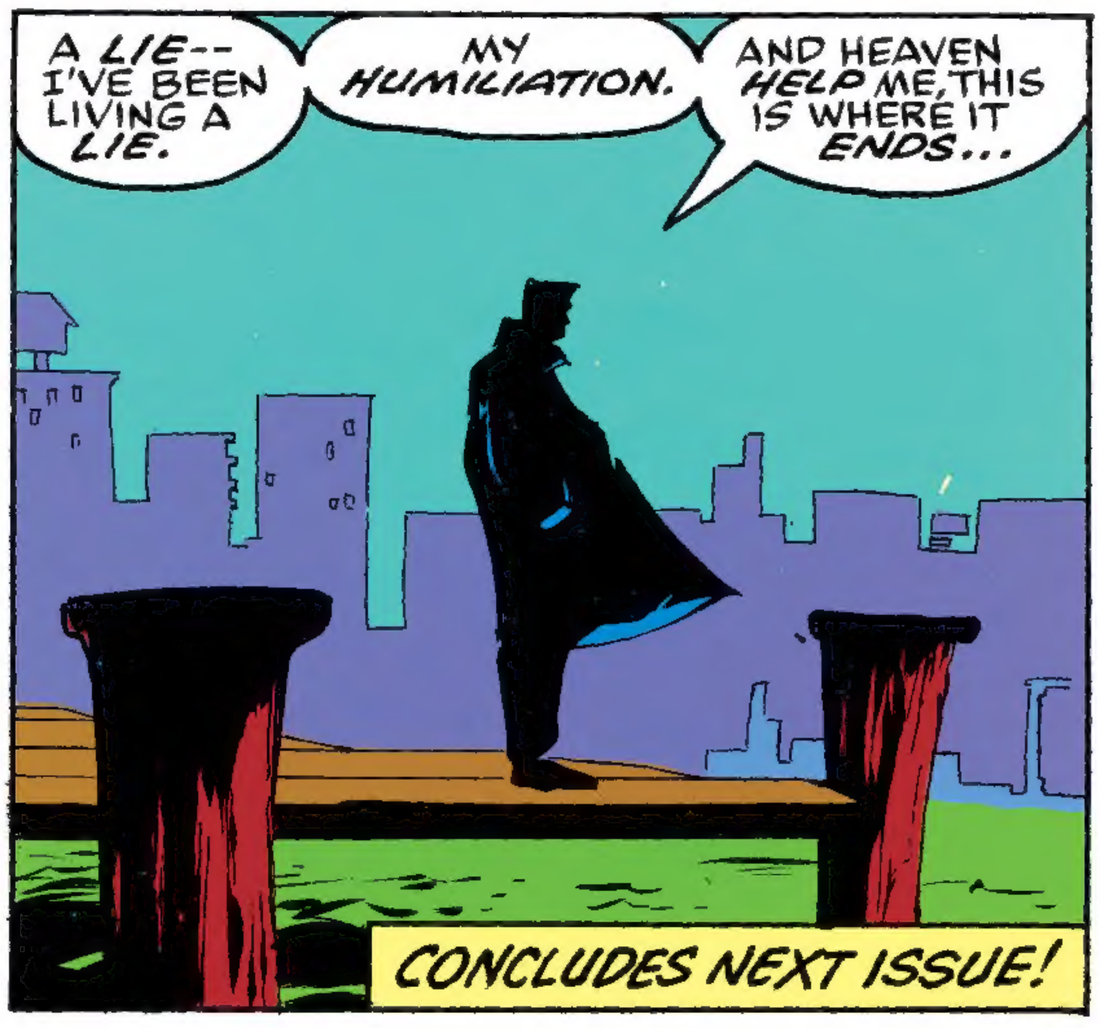
--BUT MY OLD PROFESSOR WOULD ROLL OVER IN HIS GRAVE IF HE SAW SOMETHING LIKE THE BUGLE PASSING FOR A NEWSPAPER.
BUT HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE LIKED THE COMICS SECTION.


OF COURSE, IN HIS DAY, NEWS WAS EVENTS--WHO, WHAT, WHERE, WHEN, WHY.
THESE DAYS NEWS IS EDITORIAL INNUENDO, SPECULATION.
THE BUGLE FITS RIGHT IN.

THEY MUST KNOW THEIR AUDIENCE, RIGHT?


WHY DO YOU--?!
HUH.
HOPE HE GETS A CAB ALL RIGHT.


WATERFRONT CAN BE UNFRIENDLY AT CLOSING TIME...


A LIE--I'VE BEEN LIVING A LIE.
MY HUMILIATION.
AND HEAVEN HELP ME, THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS...
CONCLUDES NEXT ISSUE!